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1894



THE GOLDEN STATE
AND
MIDWINTER EXPOSITION

BY
DANIEL OSCAR LOY.



Glass _____

Book _____

To Mrs. Jonnott
From her friend
Mary E. Hendes.



OTHER BOOKS BY
DANIEL OSCAR LOY.

POEMS OF THE WHITE CITY:

World's Fair Dreams.

*A book bound in white, with gold, 108
illustrations. Price \$1.50.*

THE MODEL ILLINOIS FARM:

*A story of the famous World's Fair pic-
ture, in prose and poetry. Illustrated.*

Office
59 Dearborn St., Chicago.

This book will be published Dec. 1, 1894.



Very Truly Yours
Daniel Oscar Loy

POEMS

OF THE

Golden State AND Midwinter Exposition

— BY —

DANIEL OSCAR LOY

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED



CHICAGO

DANIEL OSCAR LOY
PUBLISHER

1894.

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ad m 18, 1941



O land of beauty and glistening wealth,
Of silver and gold ! Thy zephyrs mean health ;
Thy hills are vine-clad, and fruitful thy fields ;
Most wonderful crops thy harvest-time yields ;
Thy mountains standing like bright fairy bands,
From hostile winds they are guarding thy lands,
Caps of snow they wear, sublime and complete,
And lasting summer nestles at their feet.

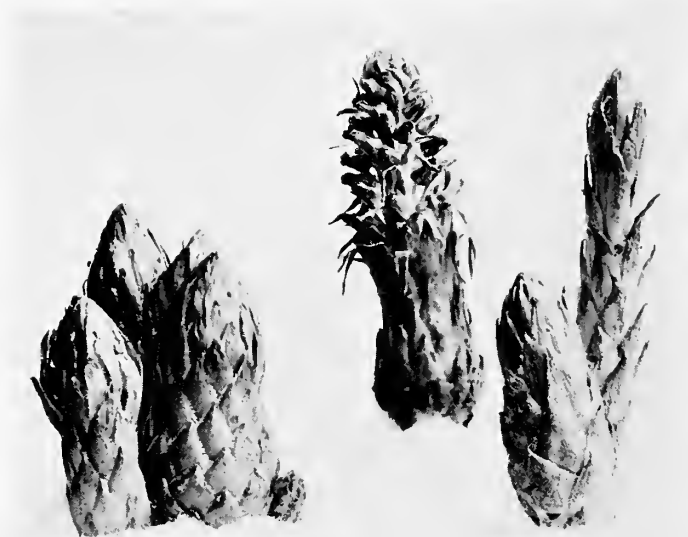
What bliss I've found in day-dreaming hours
'Mid pines, birds, ferns, and sweet blooming flowers ;
Eating fine fruit, always feasting my eyes
On hills and valleys and clear azure skies.
Thy bright gold and silver will not compare
With sunbeams and jewels of maidens fair.
To Native Daughters of the Golden West
In dedication,—this book I bequest.



*If critics, when this book they read,
Should any information need,
 Why, in my story of this land,
 I never mention fog or sand,
Or places where it never rains,
Forsaken hills and barren plains,
 And fleas more vicious than a bear,
 I simply skip the critics' share.*



Poems of the Golden State and Midwinter Exposition.



SNOW-PLANT.



I'VE reached the land of sweet flowers,
 Lovely dales and shady bowers,
 And mountains, valleys, plains and hills,
 Cool running streams and rocks and rills.

The air is laden with perfume
 From the wild rose and orange bloom ;
 Like carpet spread o'er all the ground,
 Sweet flowers bloom the whole year round.

The poppies have a golden hue,
 Other flowers red, white or blue ;
 The snow-plants on the mountains grow
 And bloom, though covered up with snow.





I've reached the land of pure delight,—
Sunshine by day and cool at night ;
Borne on the bosom of the seas
Comes a refreshing ocean breeze.

A perfect land of wealth untold :
Mountains and hills are full of gold ;
The soil is full of fine gold dust ;
Such hidden wealth will never rust.

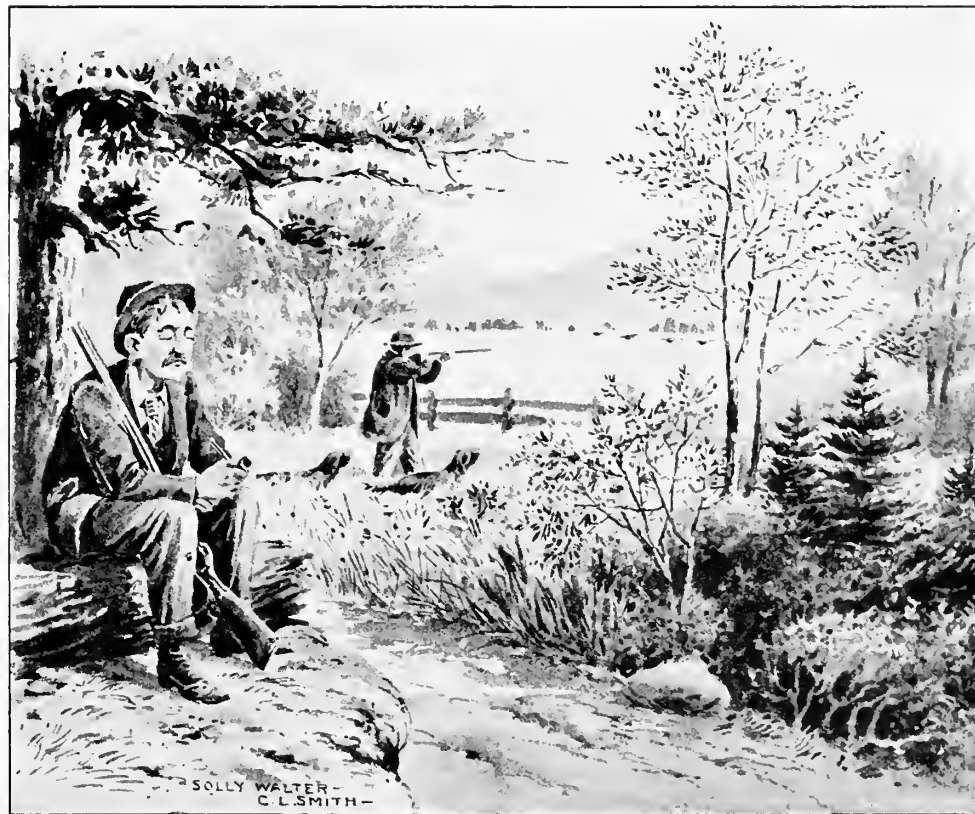


And on the mountains, far and near,
I saw fleet antelope and deer ;
Though grizzlies now are somewhat rare,
I saw black and cinnamon bear.

In many hills bright silver shines ;
There's copper, iron and coal mines ;
By boring deep into the ground,
Rich flowing wells of oil are found.



And in pure streams, month in, month out,
They catch the speckled mountain trout ;
While fishermen from day to day
Catch bass and flounders in the bay.



And on the rivers, lakes and ponds
I hunted ducks, snipe, geese and swans.
The fine bower which sheltered me
Was a huge elderberry tree.



Near by some of the mountain homes
The California wildcat roams.
Behold a lion in the way,—
Both horse and rider held at bay.



And out upon the mountain steep
They find wild goats and mountain sheep,
While other animals are found
Above or underneath the ground.



Down in the valleys you can find
The finest fruit, most every kind :
The apple, peach and pear will grow
Both north and south where'er you go.

With California's blooming rose
The lemon and the orange grows ;
Plums, apricots, dates, figs, you find,—
Cherries, grapes, berries, every kind.

Wheat and all other kinds of grain
Will grow in valley, hill or plain ;
So perfect is the climate here
Two crops will ripen in one year.



Up north I saw the rich gold mines
And viewed the tall and stately pines ;
Just like the days of 'forty-nine,
They find gold nuggets in the mine.

The mountain tops were capped with snow ;
In valleys, fruit and flowers grow ;
I saw bright golden harvest fields,—
Gold, fruit and grain that country yields.

Mount Shasta stood before my eyes,
And seemed to reach up to the skies ;
Though steep and rugged up I climb,
And view the scenery sublime.

I see the valleys far away ;
Large mountains seem like stacks of hay,
And tall pine trees on which I gaze
Seem like a rustic, mystic maze.

The distant scenes soon fade from view ;
Behold, I witness something new :
The mountain crest is all aglow ;
'Tis sunset on the banks of snow.

The setting sun's rays fast declining
Stamp on the clouds a silver lining ;
And evening shadows softly fall,
Till like a veil they cover all.

With beating heart I then retreat
From summit to the mountain's feet ;
Mount Shasta scenes from sun to sun
For grandeur cannot be outdone.



I saw grand scenes beyond a doubt
While traveling o'er an old stage route ;
Near Humboldt, by a mountain side,
I saw the woodsman's greatest pride.

Where mountain stream so clearly flows
The very finest timber grows ;
Tall redwood trees and evergreen—
A forest picture, grand, serene.

Mendocino well may boast
Of lovely scenes along the coast,
And fruit as fine as in the South ;
The grapes just melted in my mouth.

In valleys fruit, timber on hills,
The coast is lined with fine sawmills ;
Fine fish are caught of every name ;
The forests teem with sportsmen's game.

Through Glenn, Colusa, through Yolo
And Sutter counties then I go ;
From north to south, from east to west,
'Tis hard to tell which is the best.

Then Yuba County next I try ;
That place is never wet nor dry ;
They always have enough of rain
To raise good crops of fruit and grain.

Their citrus fruits are very fine ;
They lead the world in making wine.
I saw pomegranates in full bloom,
Red blossoms yielding sweet perfume.

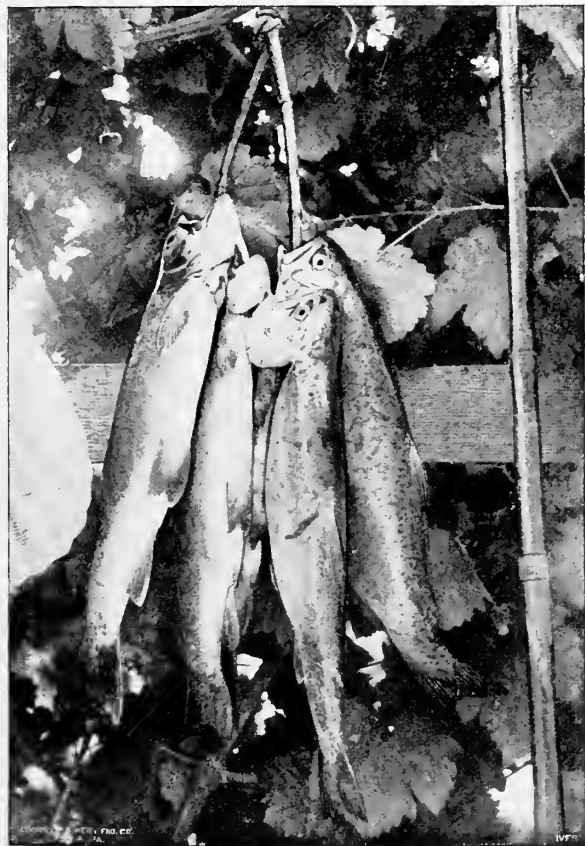
Solano from her orchards, fields,
Year after year a plenty yields.
I gathered, in that sun-kissed clime,
Sweet cherries in late winter time.

The lovely poppy was in bloom,
The balmy air rich with perfume,
Their hills and valleys, I confess,
Are not excelled for loveliness.

I stopped a week to visit Butte ;
That's where they raise the finest fruit ;
For quantity it has no peer,—
Four thousand carloads in one year.

To Placer County next I come ;
In mines I there invested some,
And I just felt while journeying there,
Some day I'd be a millionaire.

Go where you will, you'll find this true,
Fair fortune comes to only few ;
To win, you must have skill and pluck,
And both mixed well with solid luck.



Then next I saw a place that shines,
Nevada County's gold-filled mines.
Mineral quartz was all aglare,
For all is gold that glitters there.

I watched them mining by the hour,
Using improved hydraulic power ;
And oh ! such fruit I sampled there,
The mountain apple, peach and pear.

Teetotaler I, but yet no use
Refusing unfermented juice ;
I caught fine trout in mountain streams,
Just realized my last year's dreams.



Then I traveled o'er the mountains
To Sonoma's springs and fountains.
While there I spent a happy day
Boat-riding on Bodega Bay.

On Sacramento's pleasant plain
I saw bright, waving fields of grain,
And ripening fruit on vine and tree,
While lovely maidens smiled on me.



Then at the capital of the State
Delicious were the fruits I ate,
While placed upon my bill of fare
Were flounder, trout, swan, deer and bear.

In Napa's vale you 'll always find
The choicest grapes of every kind ;
To right and left for miles away
I passed bright vineyards all the day ;

While everywhere were signs of wealth,
And people boasting of their health ;
Wealth, health and happiness it brings
To drink from Napa's soda springs.

I found a place where once there stood
Live cedar, pine and tall redwood, —
Fine timber that has long since died ;
The forest now is petrified.

The finest fish have not been caught,
So fishing was my happy lot.
When common fish were getting stale,
With hook and line I caught a whale.

Sonoma County can supply
The State with wheat, oats, corn and rye ;
The farmers sow and always reap,
Raise cattle, horses, hogs and sheep.





Then El Dorado I behold,
Where Marshall first discovered gold ;
'There many fortunes have been found,
Still there are millions in the ground.

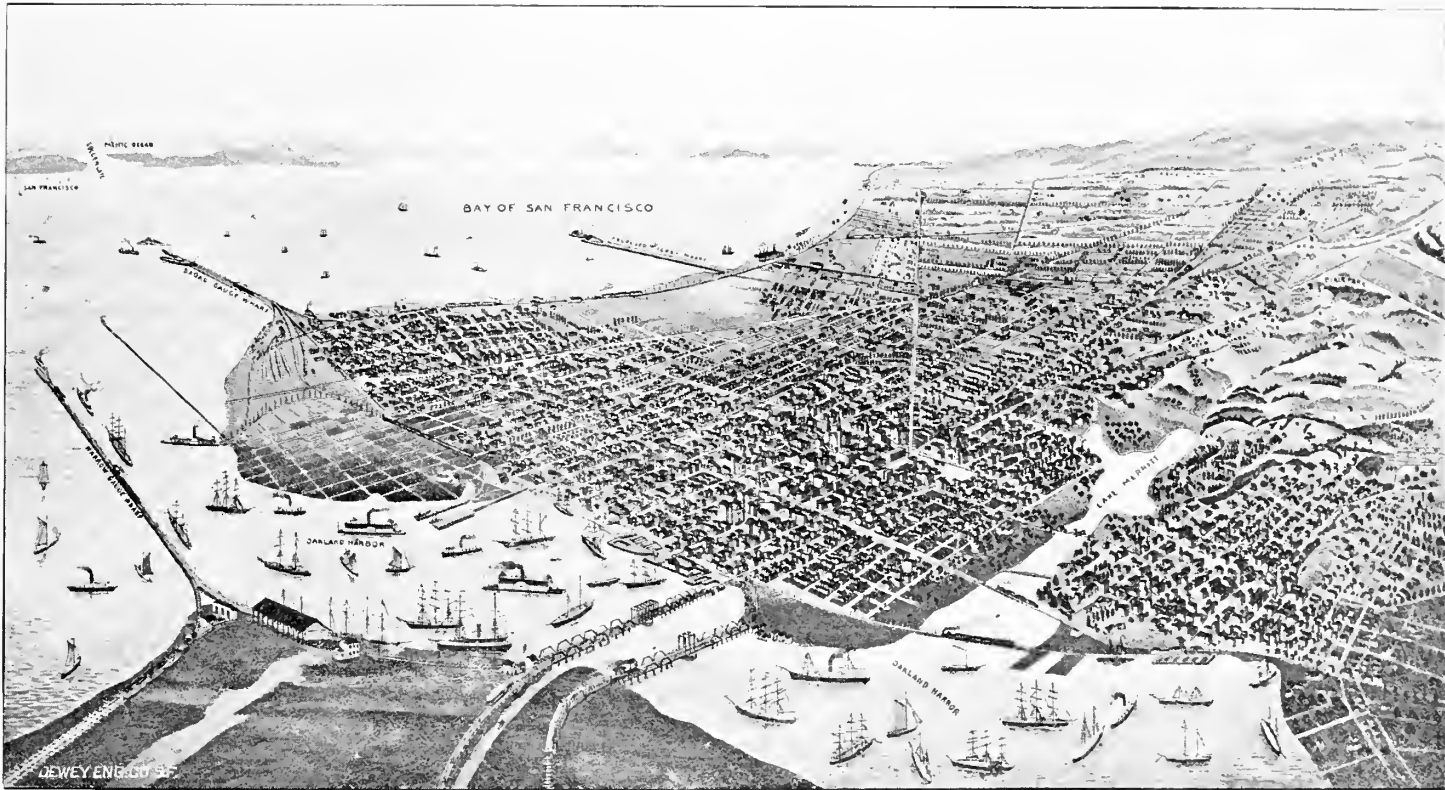
I walked along that mountain side,
Where men have worked, fought, bled and died
For gold which did so brightly shine,
Tempting those men in 'forty-nine.



From El Dorado I then tramp
To view the famous Angels Camp.
Ten thousand dollars in one day
Is taken from the Utica.

I wonder why they watch me so,
And dust my clothes before I go.
That night I learned some mining news :
I found a fortune in my shoes.

Next day, while riding in a coach,
Noted big trees I did approach ;
A forest picture of great worth,
The largest timber on the earth.



To Alameda now I go,
To see their flowery almond show;
The blushing roses white and red,
And fuchsia trees above my head.

Just outside San Francisco's door,
Kissed by the breeze from ocean's shore,
Oakland, Berkeley, two cities fine,
A narrow street for parting line.

There, nestled near the mountain side,
Is California's greatest pride:
The State University is seen,
With lovely campus always green.

Cedars and palms, the live-oak trees,
With ferns and flowers to my knees;
If wrong, I could not well refrain
From walking down the lovers' lane.

Then next I traveled, southward bound,
O'er Santa Clara's fertile ground, —
A valley fenced with vine-clad hills,
With rocks and brooks and babbling rills.

I climbed the mountain high and steep,
And at the valley took a peep;
Saw pictures of both sea and land
Which were not made by human hand.



And when I reach the green foothills,
Again my heart with rapture fills ;
For, traveling down a mountain branch,
I find my goal, McIver's ranch.

One lovely spot which I behold
Seems like a city built of gold.
Charmed with the scene, without a guide,
I venture down the mountain-side.

The orchard first is my retreat,
Where oranges I pluck and eat ;
I see the olive and fig tree ;
Sweet blossoms seem to welcome me.



For hours we drive among the vines,
And view the press which makes the wines;
Fair Linda Vista reminds me
Of Palestine beyond the sea.

The lawn and garden, I must own,
Seem like a kingdom of their own;
Soldiers seem to be on duty—
Faithful dogs of worth and beauty.

The ladies, ere I start away,
Give unto me a choice bouquet.
When moonbeams kiss the violets,
I leave, but not without regrets.

In San Joaquin I stopped a while,
And viewed fine crops of every style ;
My future happiness depends,
While in this world, on Stockton friends.

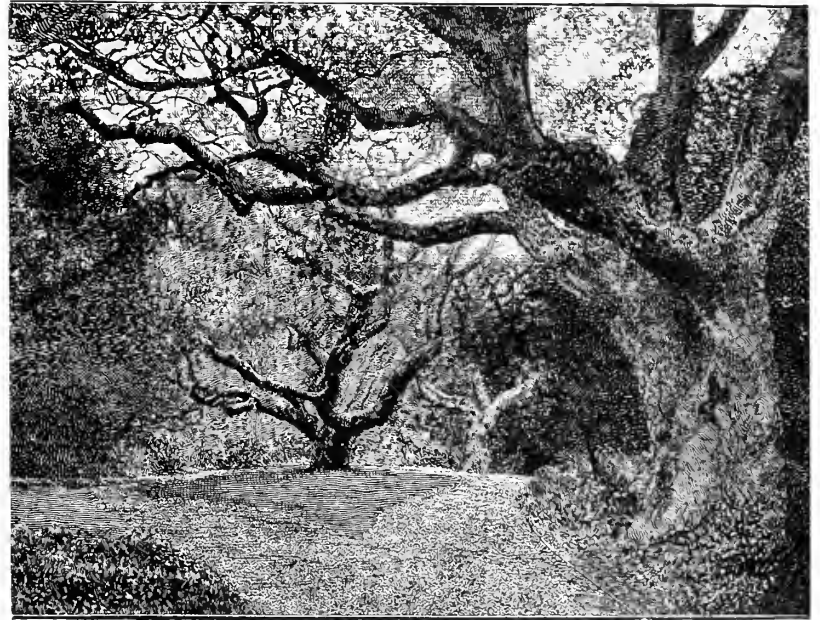
Mechanics there earn double pay,
For mills were running night and day.
The unemployed were all at work ;
There no one had a chance to shirk.



The jackrabbit my partner caught
We soon had frying in a pot,
When with my chum I did divide :
Gave John the head, the bones and hide.

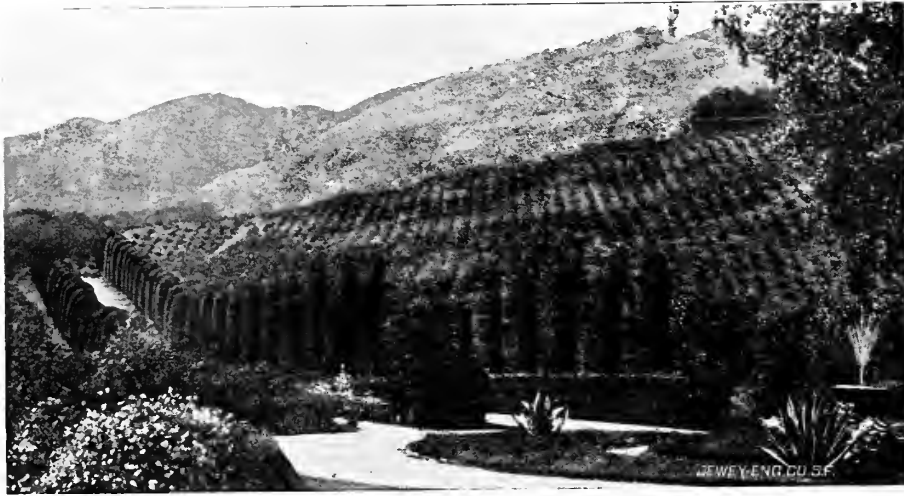
At Palo Alto I did call
And watched the Stanfords play football,
Then went with them into the college,
And saw them manufacture knowledge.

Then under spreading green live-oaks
I listened to the college jokes,
And soon sweet music softly fell :
It was the Stanford College yell.



The University is grand,
About the finest in the land ;
Fine scenery for miles around ;
A place more lovely can't be found.

From Mount Hamilton's snow-capped crest,
I viewed the promised place of rest.
Yes, saw it through the telescope,
That heavenly land for which we hope.



A land of everlasting spring,
And where the sweetest anthems ring ;
With that bright land, so grand and fair,
Rich California will compare.

Like Moses, who, of old, did stand
On rocks and view the promised land,
I viewed the scenes beneath, above ;
With all I saw I fell in love.

While at the town of San Jose
I stopped and feasted for one day,
Plucking large clusters from the vine,
Eating sweet grapes, refusing wine.



Then sat I in shady bowers,
Among the palms and lovely flowers ;
The blossoms which I love to see,
Then smiled and walked and talked with me.

Was chatting with the ladies fair,
Just wishing I were living there ;
And when time came for me to go,
My heart seemed saying, oh, no, no !

At Santa Cruz, the next bright place,
New smiles of joy played on my face
Until I sang a song of mirth ;
I found the garden spot of earth.



Soon at the sea did I arrive,
Where I enjoyed a fine cliff drive.
At every turn along the ridge
I saw a handsome natural bridge.



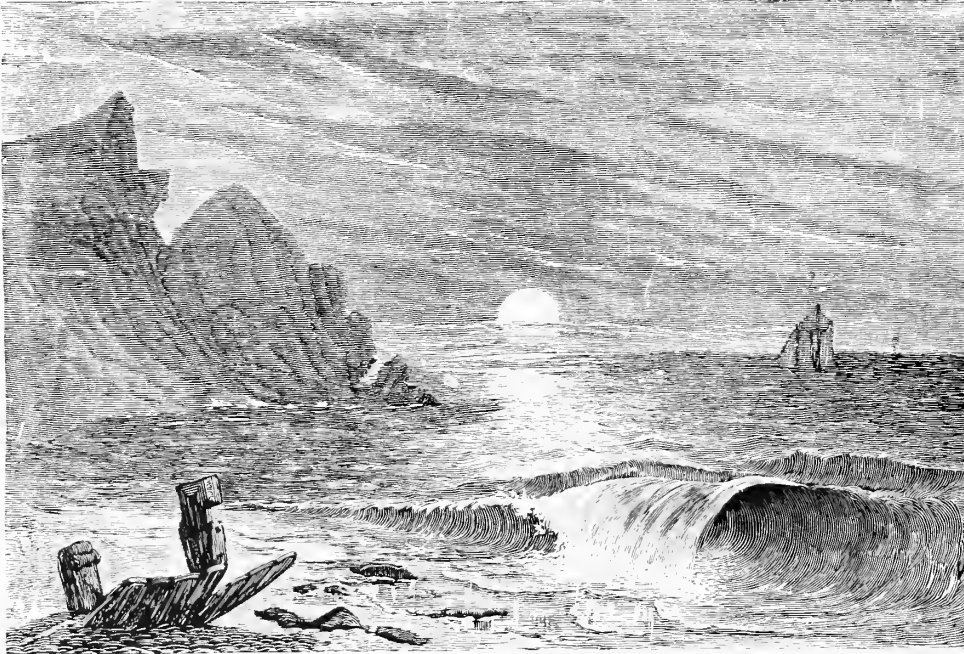
Through Pajaro Valley I took a walk,
A place where Nature seems to talk.
While in the valley with the birds
I could not understand their words ;

But wafted on the sun-warmed breeze
I heard their sweetest melodies ;
And while I rambled in the dale
Saw California's valley quail.

Saw palace fine and humble cot ;
On earth there is no brighter spot ;
'Tis one grand garden bright and fair ;
I saw some angels living there.

For that grand place my heart will yearn
And often beg me to return.
When some sweet day I cease to roam,
Bright Santa Cruz will be my home.

Of Monterey I gladly speak,
 For there I tarried for a week ;
 Like Eden's flowery fields of old,
 One-half I saw cannot be told.



Where Mission fathers moored their boat,
 I out on ocean then did float
 To see a picture I love most,—
 Bright moonlight on the western coast.



Bright scenes so pleasing to my eye,
 Heaven reflected from the sky ;
 The grandeur there tempts me to stay,
 And live and die at Monterey.



While in the county of Merced,
On lovely scenes my eyes were fed ;
A valley wide, soil deep and rich,
Made fertile by canal and ditch.

I traveled on, with fairy land
Of flowery fields on every hand ;
A picture of fine fruit and flowers
Grew brighter with the passing hours.

Saw gardens, orchards, vineyards fair,
And flowers blooming everywhere.
I thought, has winter passed so soon ?
Is this the flowery month of June ?

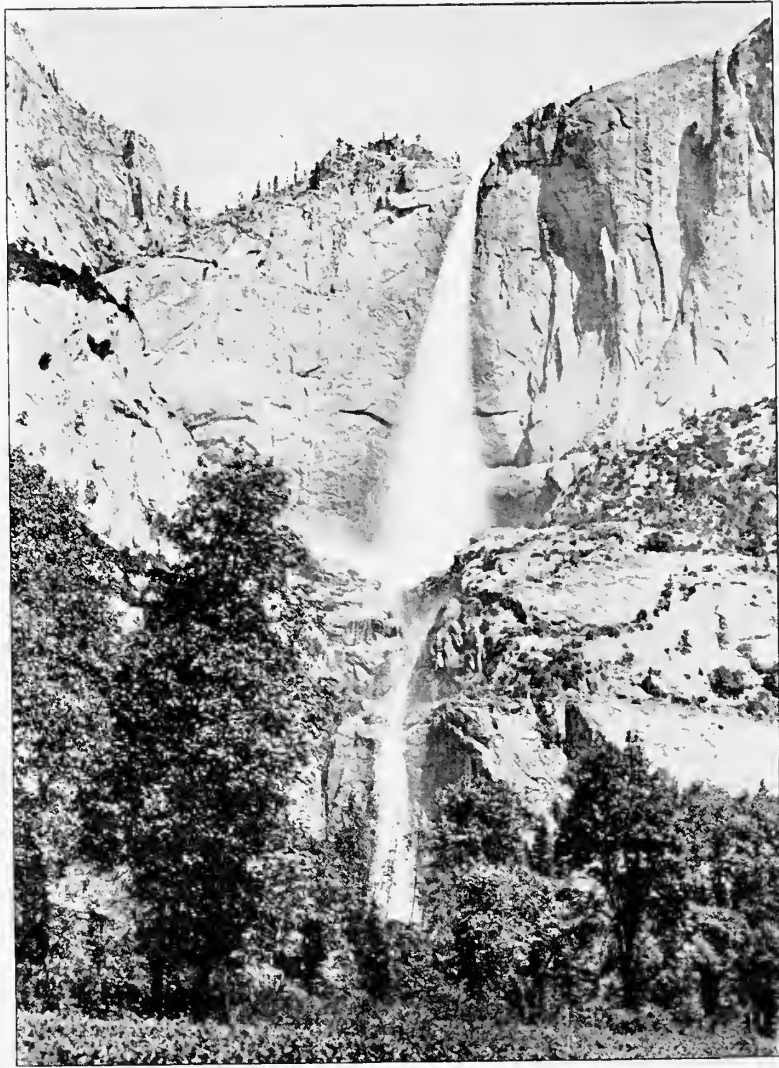
I traveled slowly day by day,
Feasting on grandeur all the way ;
While marching on from place to place,
Sweet balmy zephyrs kissed my face.

My winding path through valley turns,
'Tis lined with mosses and fine ferns ;
In floral trees birds sweetly sing—
Midwinter, yet 'tis just like spring.



The air I breathed was sweet and pure,
The climate does diseases cure,
Tho' old and feeble, of a truth,
It quickly brought me back to youth,

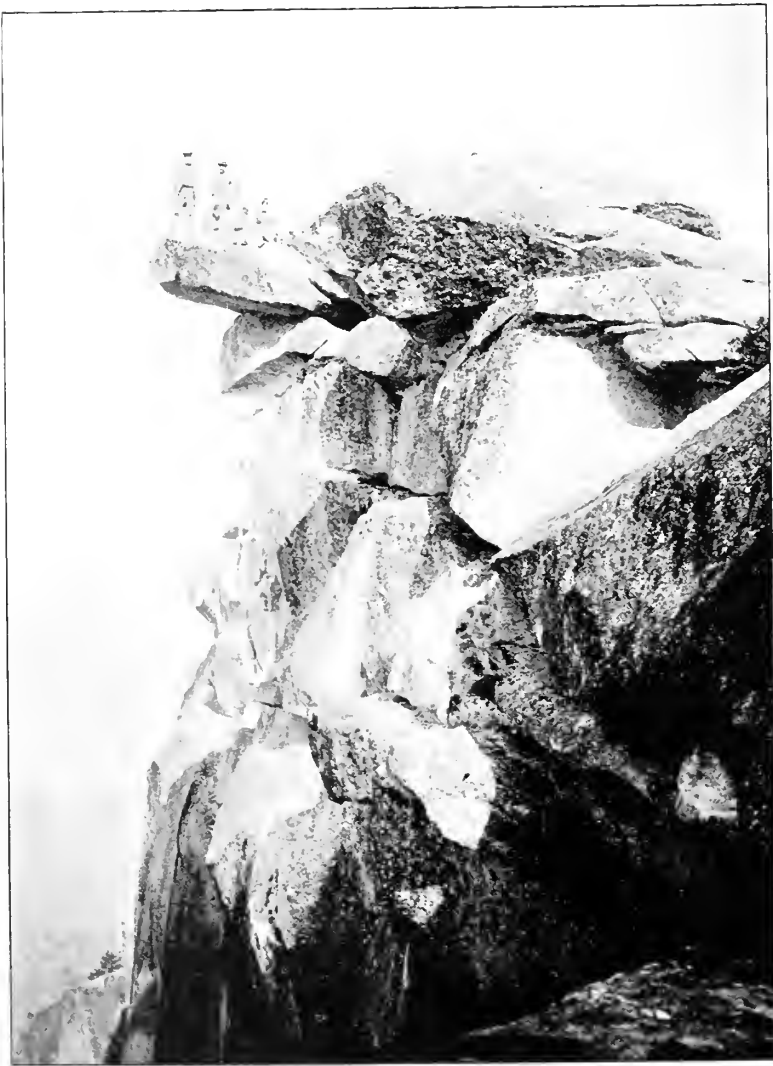
Until I am a boy once more,
Enjoying childhood's days of yore ;
'Tis like a dream of youth's springtime,
When life was smoother than a rhyme.



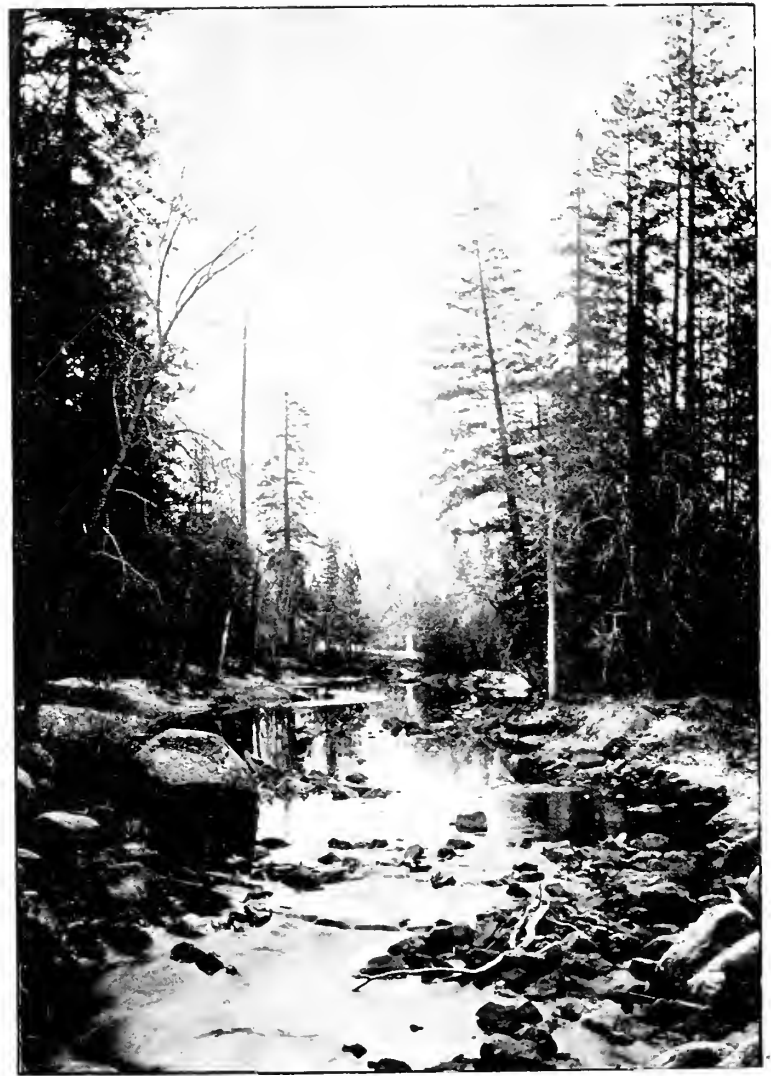
At last I reach Yosemite,—
Scene picturesque of high degree ;
Tongue cannot tell its countless worth ;
It is the grandest spot on earth.



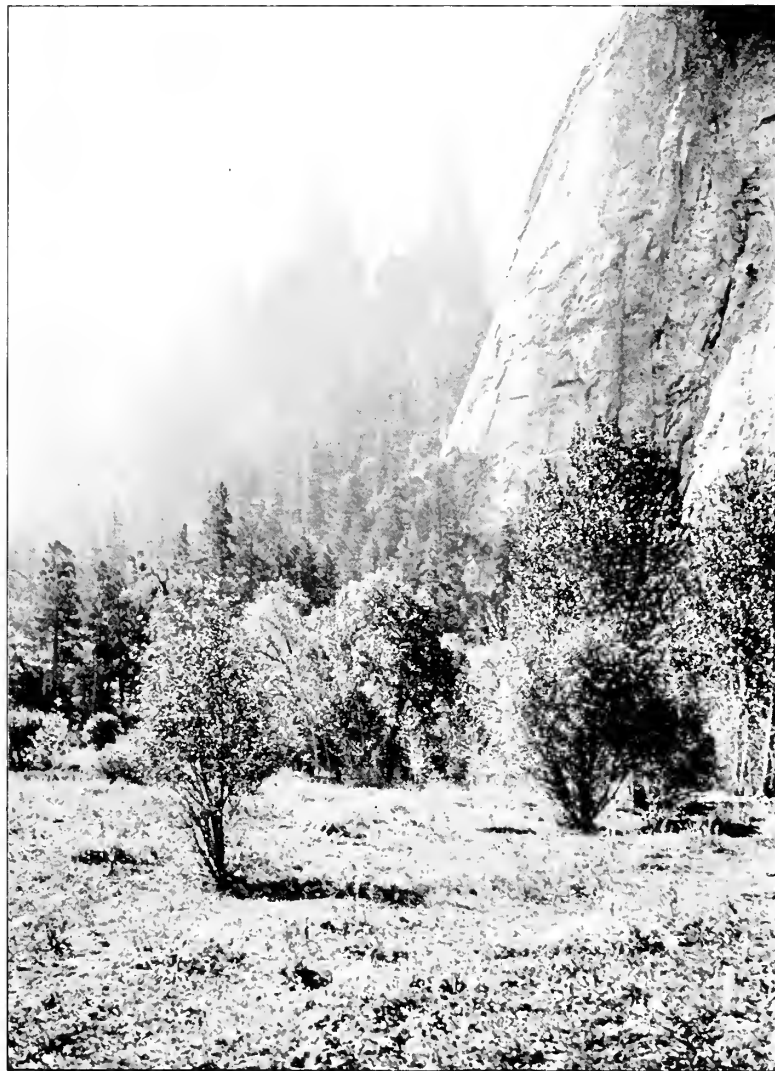
I saw the valley by sunlight,
Then on a bright and cloudless night ;
And when the moon began to shine
The vale seemed sacred and sublime.



I thought, since God is always near,
Perhaps some angels may be here.
The echo of a loving voice
Responded, "God should be your choice."



Departed friends by earth's clear streams
Can only visit you in dreams.
Give me your heart, then by and by
You'll meet my angels in the sky."



Enraptured while my soul admires
Yosemite's cathedral spires,
A white-plumed Sentinel is seen ;
Bright Merced River flows between.



Along the mountains then I roam,
Until I reach the grand North Dome ;
Then by the Vernal Fall I stand,
Beholding sights sublime and grand.



Graceful Three Brothers then I spy,
To Mirror Lake I soon draw nigh,
A picture like life's brightest dreams,
The shadows playing with moonbeams.

Then to the city of Fresno
It was my happy lot to go.
They don't rely on fruit alone,
For every kind of grain is grown.

They have fine trees without number,
Acres spread over with lumber,
While buried underneath their pines
There are rich, undeveloped mines.

My banquet there I would not miss,
For such a feast is simply bliss ;
So when I started on my way
My heart seemed begging me to stay.



At Porterville, by a request,
I stopped to visit and to rest ;
Together with a friend I drove
For hours through a citrus grove.

I proved one thing beyond dispute
By feasting on their golden fruit :
Their oranges for table use
Have body, sweetness, flavor, juice.



Then next I saw sequoia trees
With branches waving in the breeze.
And trunks so noble, straight and high
Their tops seemed reaching to the sky.

I had a lively picnic there :
I walked up to a grizzly bear.
The beast weighed sixteen hundred pounds ;
I knocked him out in just three rounds.

From Porterville I must depart ;
So for Kings County then I start.
Finding another lovely spot,
Past joys I very soon forgot.

Prosperity contentment brings,
For men were living there like kings.
Delicious fruits and crops which grew
Show what soaked soil and sun will do.



When from Kings County I must turn,
I go almost direct to Kern,
Which used to be a barren plain
That never had been kissed by rain.



Now it can't be overrated,
All the land is irrigated,--
Ditches, all sizes, many styles,
In length are fifteen hundred miles.

Once desert waste where nothing grows,
But now it blossoms like the rose ;
The grain and fruit at Bakersfield
Show what the soil in Kern will yield.

The farmer great success secures,
For everything he plants matures.
By raising the alfalfa hay,
And feeding stock, he makes it pay.

San Bernardino my next stop,
In time to see the orange crop ;
Saw enough lemons in one hour
To make the whole creation sour.

The honey and the sugar beet
Would make all of those lemons sweet.
And fine deciduous fruit I found ;
One peach alone would weigh a pound.

The oranges are very fine,
Juicy the meat and thin the rind ;
Bright in color, perfect in size,
Where'er they go they take the prize.

On mountain scenes my eyes were fed ;
I saw the famous Arrowhead ;
Reservoir and artesian well
I saw while resting in the dell.

At Riverside I stopped one day ;
Just like an hour it passed away ;
For 'tis a lovely, flowery place,
Where smiles are seen on every face.



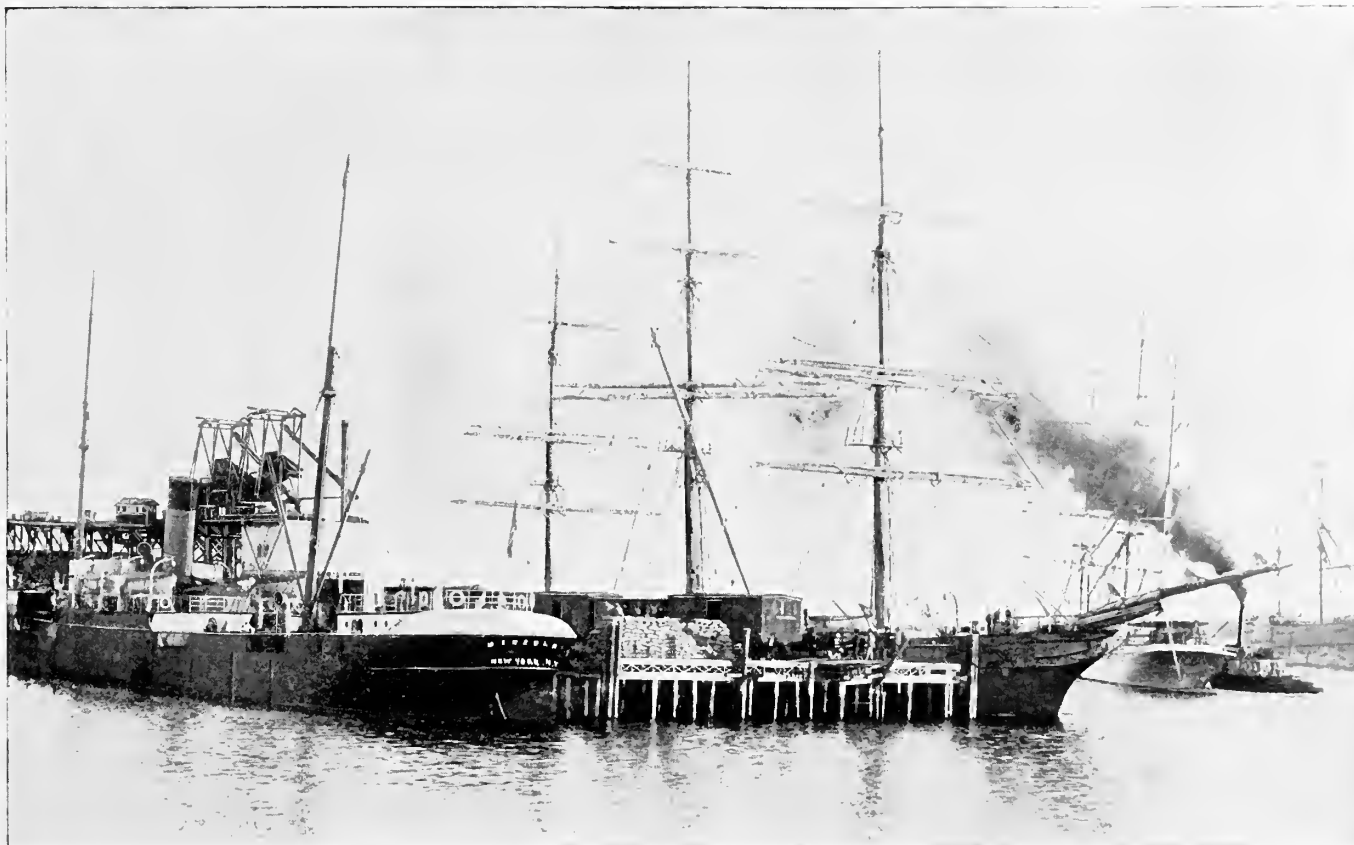
'Mong citrus fruit it is agreed
Their navel orange takes the lead ;
To raise good crops without a rain
They simply irrigate the plain.

At evening one short hour I spend
Out riding with a lady friend,
Who came out to this land of wealth
Expressly to regain her health.

That girl who was so weak and frail,
With sunken eyes and cheeks so pale,—
On what I say can be relied ?
She's now the belle of Riverside.

In Orange County I then plan
To spend a week in Santa Ana ;
One thing I saw paid for my joy,—
Gold separated from a-Loy.

Such girls I never saw before ;
To see them simply means adore ;
One orange blossom of that land
Almost controls my heart and hand.



Next morning, at the break of day,
I saw the San Diego Bay,
Where I spent one week of pleasure—
Joy for which there is no measure.

I saw the lovely pampas plume,
Inhaled the sweetest of perfume,
And feasted on the finest grade
Of orange juice and lemonade.

While other fruits were my delight,
The strawberries were out of sight.
On hill and dale, from day to day,
Perpetual sunbeams brightly play.

About a fortnight then I dwell
At Coronado Beach Hotel ;
A pen picture cannot be drawn
Describing garden and the lawn.

Sweet flowers and the lovely trees,
With beach and waves and ocean breeze,
The grandeur of that sun-kissed clime,
Cannot be pictured in a rhyme.



The sacred Lotus of the Nile,
And other flowers, every style,
Were budding, blooming everywhere ;
Their mingled fragrance filled the air.

I reach Pomona in the night,
And visit by electric light.
The city seems one glare of fire,
All furnished by a single wire.

Then next I view for many hours
The goddess of the fruit and flowers.
Ecstasied everywhere I go,
For 'twas one lovely beauty show.



Yet life grew sweeter by degrees
Until I reached *Los Angeles* ;
The grandeur there no tongue can tell ;
'Tis like the place where angels dwell.

I bathed out in the ocean tide
Until my heart just throbbled with pride ;
Then marched down avenue and street
Until my visit was complete.



I stand alone, no one seems near,
And yet a still, small voice I hear ;
The earth to heaven seems so nigh,
The voice I hear comes from the sky.

I then to Pasadena came,
But Eden fair should be the name ;
Feasting on honey, fruit and cream,
My living there seemed like a dream

Then soon I found another charm,
A California honey farm ;
Bees coaxing sweetness from the rose,—
A land where milk, where honey flows.

Then on Mount Wilson's peak I stand,
Which is the Pisgah of this land.
I look into San Gabriel's vale
As twilight steals o'er hill and dale.





Behold the mountain white and green,—
A California* winter scene.
From this, the place where frost reposes
Turn o'er the leaf and see the roses.



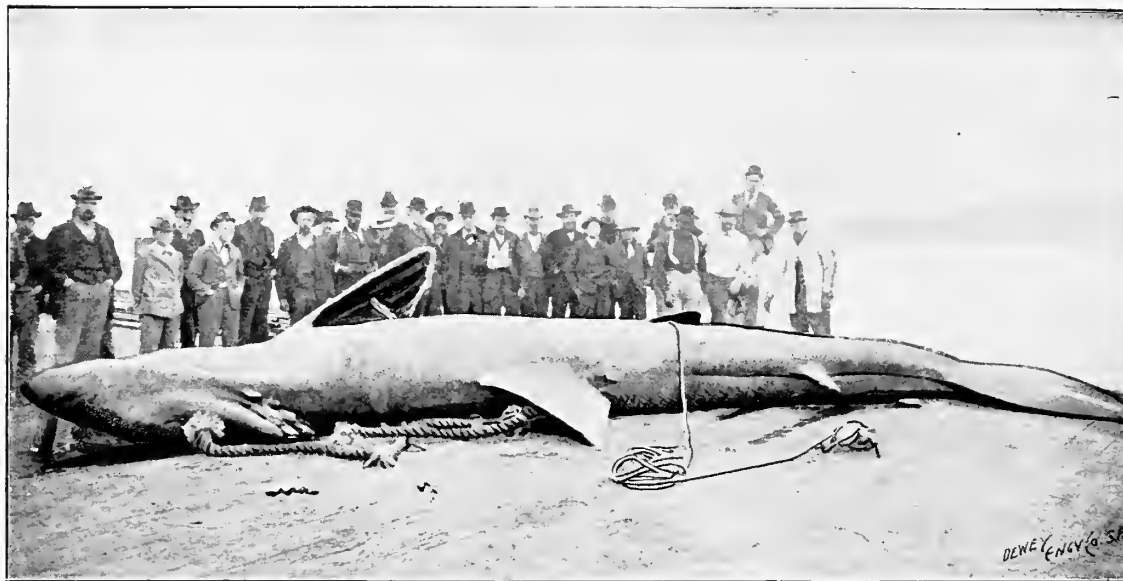
From winter scene, with blushing face,
In one-half hour I reached this place ;
And this the contrast made that day,—
A snowball and a fine bouquet.



Ventura County next was seen ;
 That's where they raise the Boston bean.
 Besides the product of their soil,
 They have fine wells of flowing oil.

Potatoes—well, nobody knows
 How many on one acre grows ;
 Perhaps you may some knowledge catch
 By gazing at this pumpkin-patch.





Then Santa Barbara next I reach,
And gather shells along the beach.
That afternoon I fished till dark ;
With hook and line I caught a shark.

I saw men making olive oil,
And watched them irrigate the soil.
They give a carnival each spring ;
'Tis proof that they are prospering.

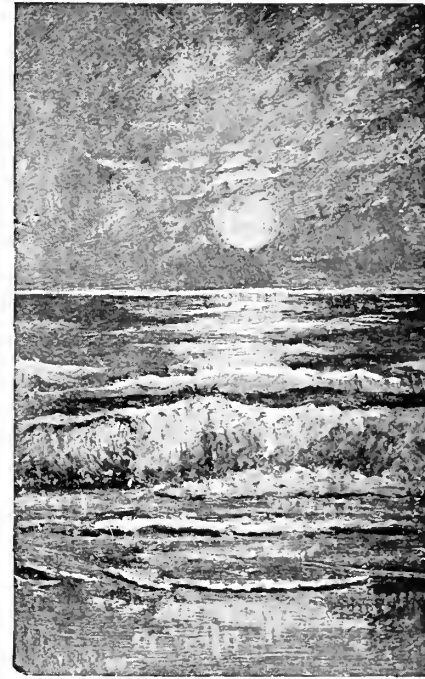
One hundred thousand flowers I see—
Sweet blooming roses on one tree ;
Which makes a fine esthetic show
That is unrivaled here below.





Then next there came new joy to me,
A boat-ride out upon the sea ;
Upon a vessel tried and true,
I rode out on the ocean blue.

Then next I had a glad surprise :
O'er hills I saw the sun arise,
And cast bright rays along the shore ;
My throbbing heart could wish no more.



A joy for which my heart oft craves,
I saw the sun set in the waves,
Saw the moonbeams on the billows,
Sleeping there with waves for pillows.



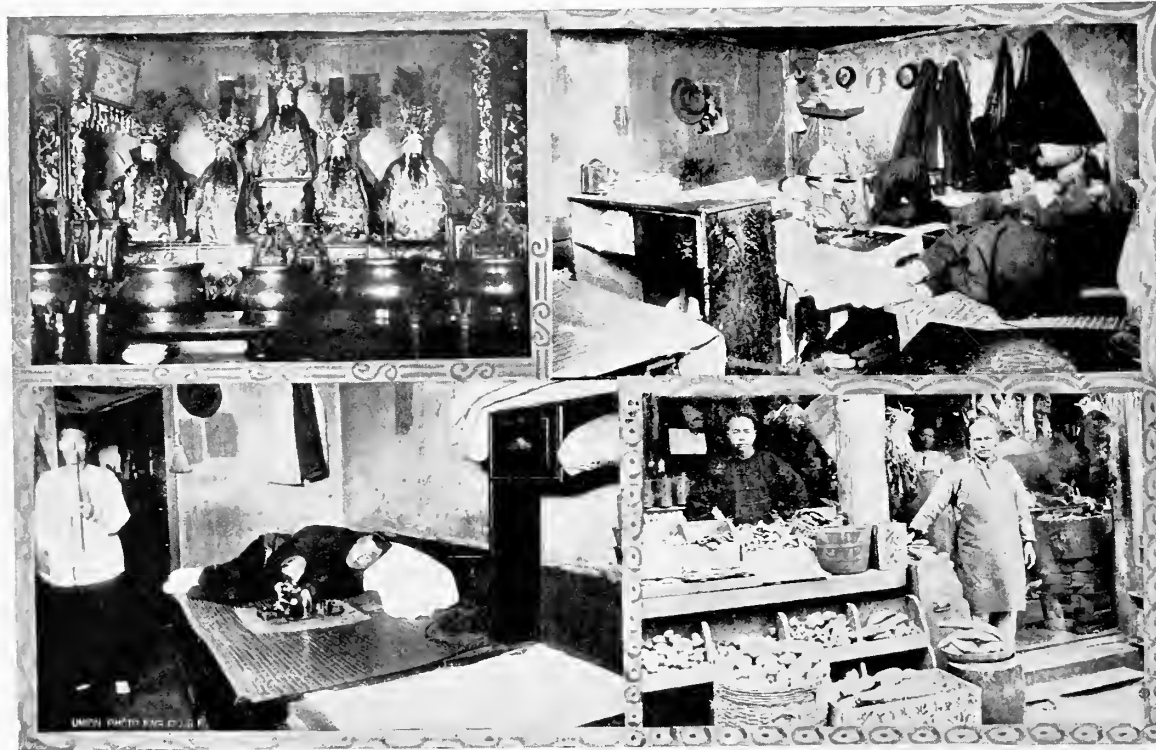
At evening, near the close of day,
I saw the San Francisco Bay ;
Oh, rapture scenes of setting sun,
The joy of life seemed just begun !

For there I saw, oh, happy fate,
Bright sunset on the Golden Gate !
The pilot, like a guiding star,
Then led us past the harbor bar.



Next morning, with the day's first break,
 A journey through the town I take.
 From street to street, up hill and down,
 I see the sights in Chinatown.

I saw the merchants on the street,
 With long pig-tails and crippled feet.
 Small caps they wore upon their head,
 And looked like all their friends were dead.



They seldom dress in modern style,
And scarcely ever laugh or smile.
I saw a leper, life most gone ;
He grinned because I called him John.

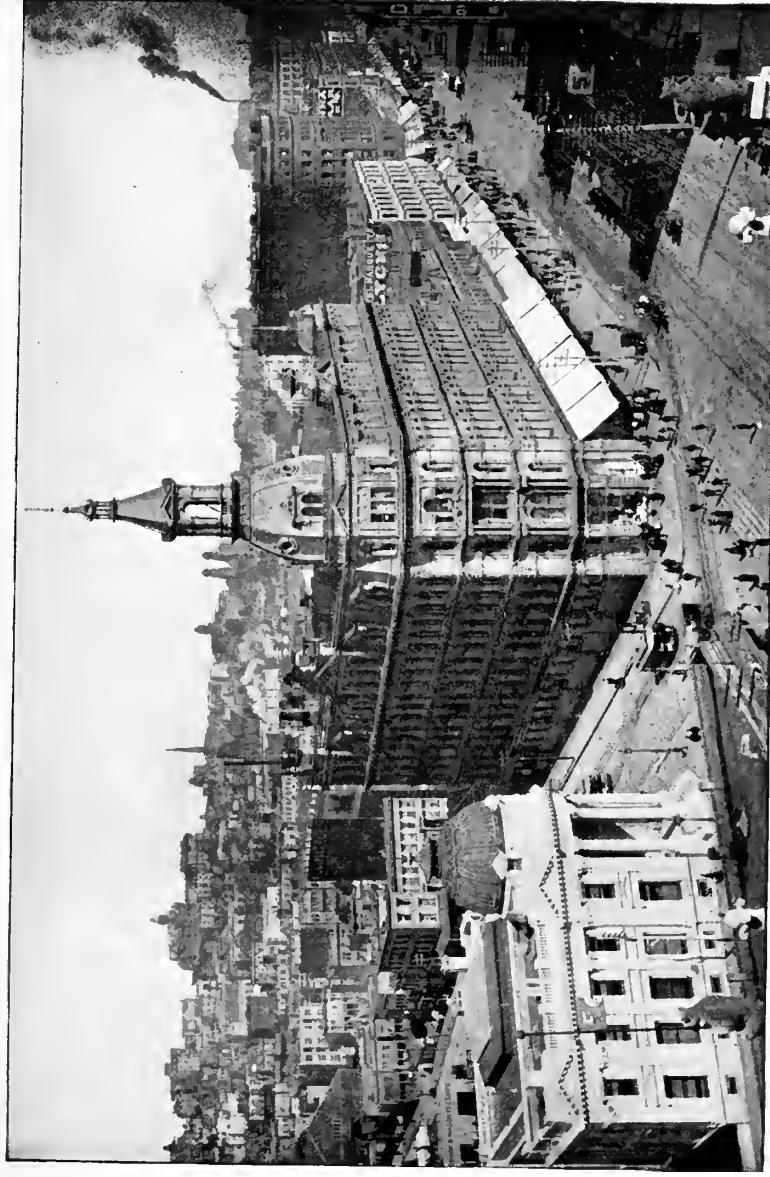
I saw the Chinese butcher shop,
And saw them eat with sticks called chops ;
Then next I traveled down below,
Under the ground in China row.

I ventured down into a dive,
And by a scratch came out alive ;
For while below, it now occurs,
I was among the highbinders.

I saw a noted China boat
Set sail and ou the ocean float ;
Then saw a man-of-war depart,
Boats on a whaling voyage start.

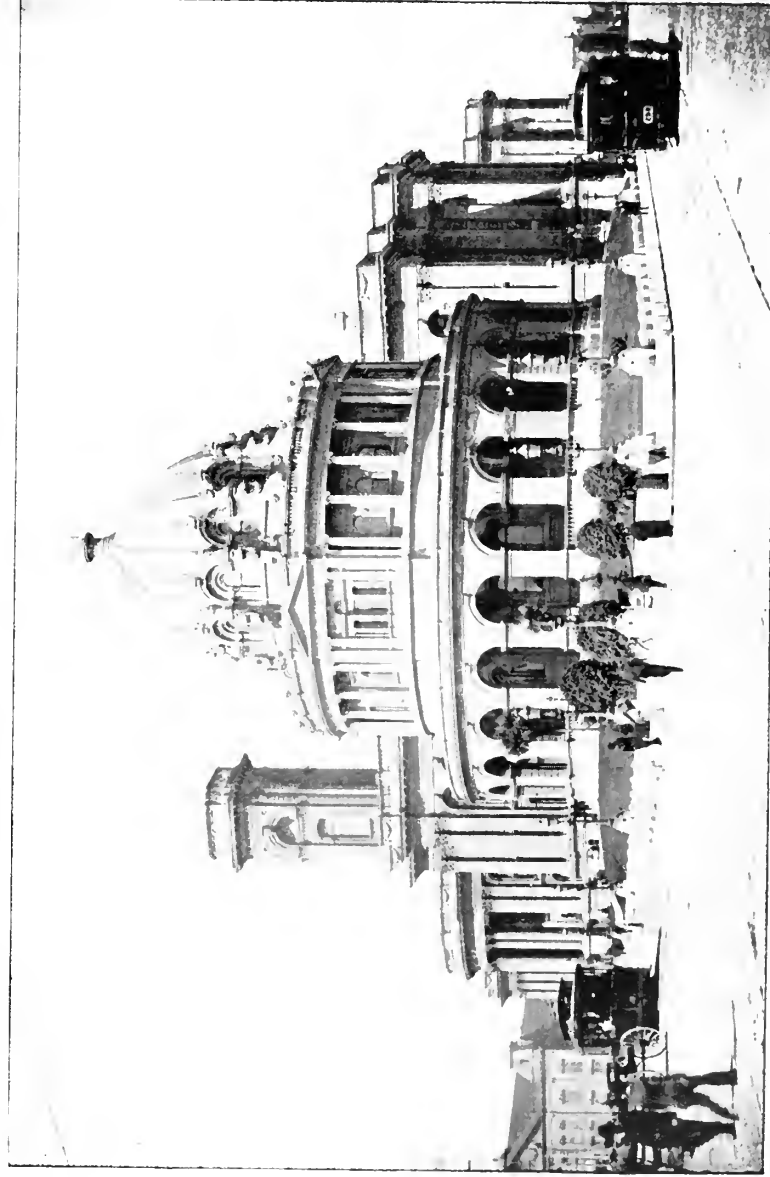
At the Presidio I stayed,
To see the soldiers on parade.
I saw the rays of setting sun
Reflected on both sword and gun.

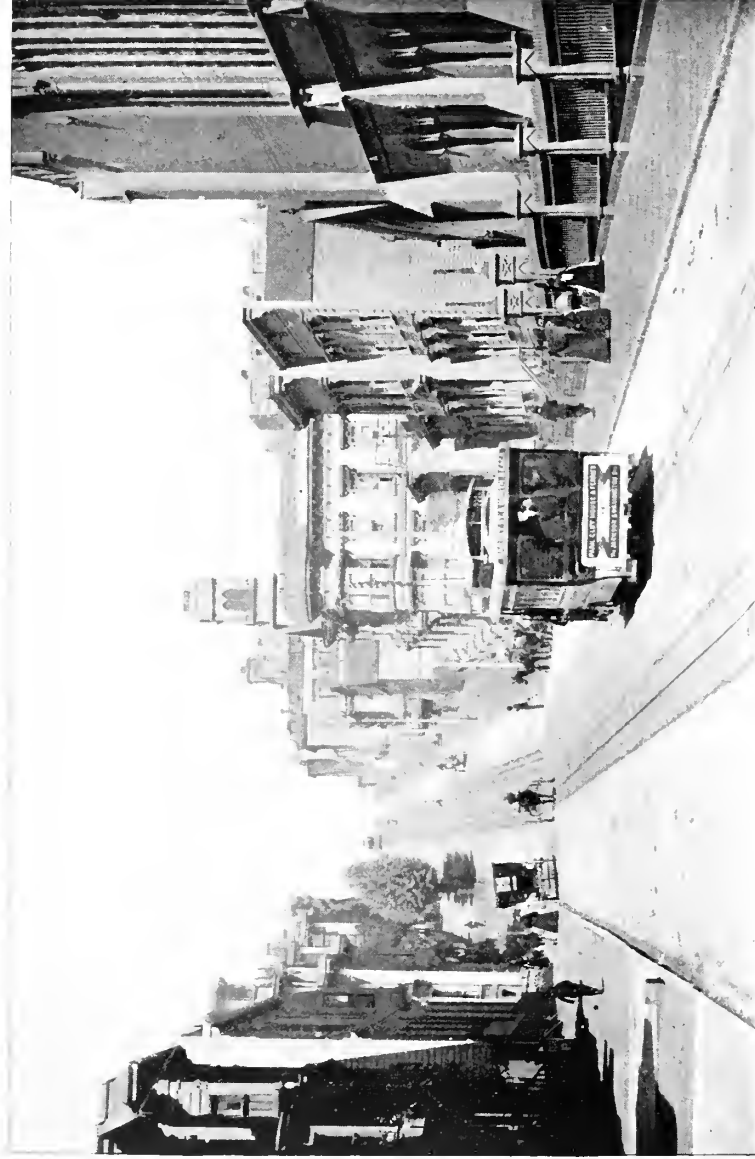
And then I went from place to place,
Peeping into the cannon's face ;
Saw guns and cannons, small and great,
Safe guardians of Golden Gate.



And then I rode in a balloon,
Toward the man up in the moon,
While sailing upward toward the blue,
Of Frisco had a bird's-eye view.

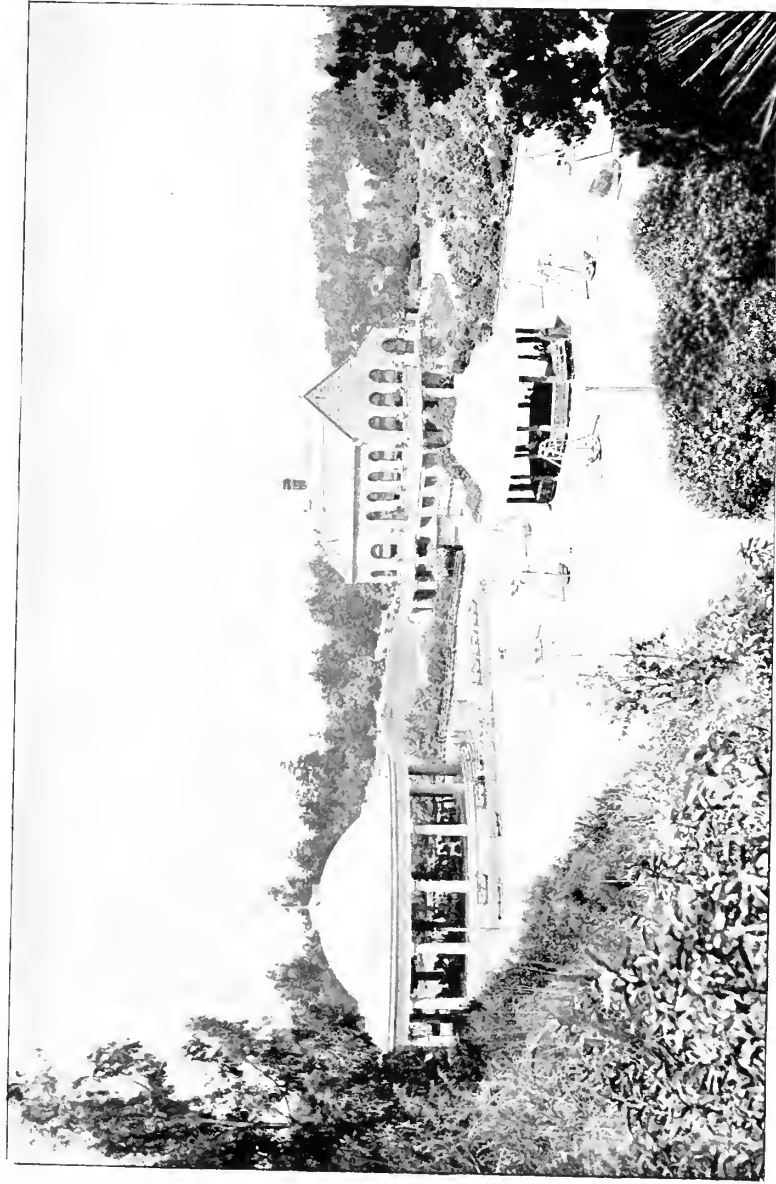
Then at the Mint I make a call,
And stop to see the City Hall,
I saw where millionaires abide,
While on the cable cars I ride.





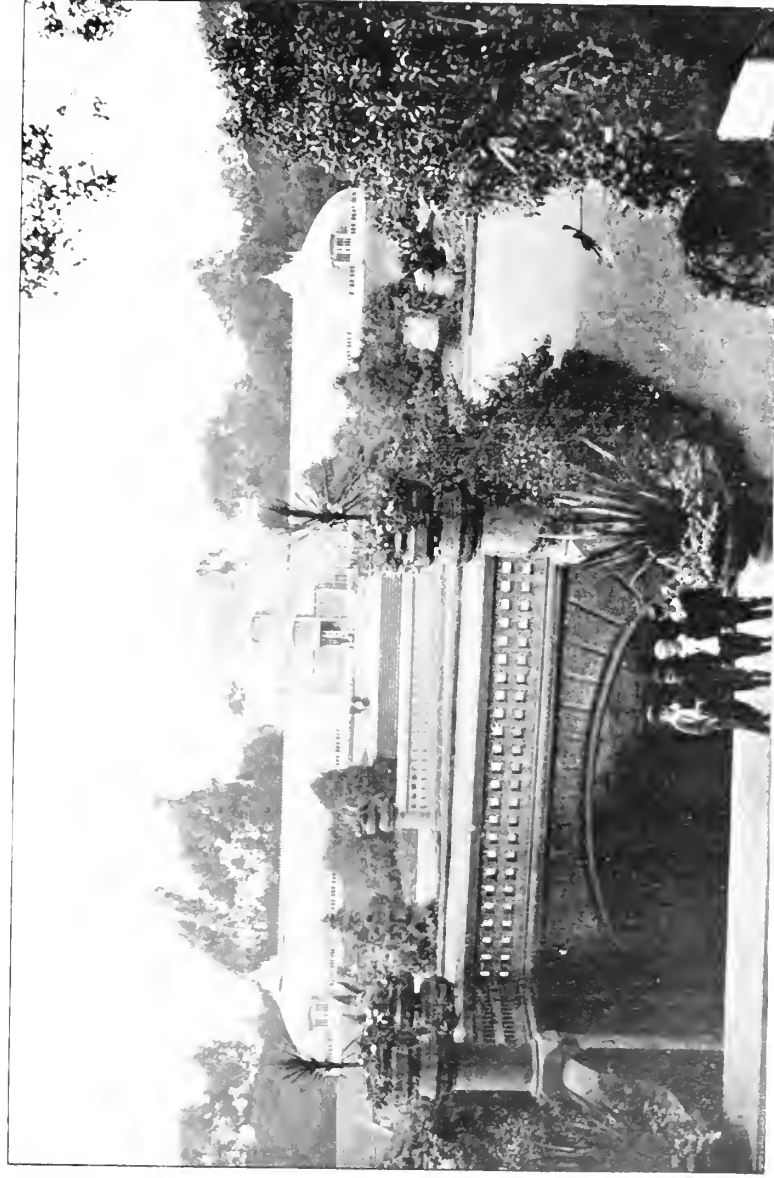
At Palace Hotel then I stay
 And fatten up from day to day,
 Though poor and of a humble birth,
 I felt just like I owned the earth.





One day I view Golden Gate Park
 From early morning until dark ;
 The beauty there I must confess
 No words I know will quite express.

I rambled there for many hours
 Like actors playing on the stage ,
 Among the cedars, palms and flowers, The birds were singing in their cage ;
 Watching the happy children play I heard their songs while passing by ;
 While golden moments passed away. They were no happier than I.





To Sutro Heights I found my way,
And spent the closing hours of day ;
Among the palms and fragrant flowers
I spent the golden evening hours.

If I had now a poet's power,
I'd tell the pleasures of an hour,
Where art and nature are combined,
And tender love with both are twined ;

I'd tell about the lovely sights,
My joy obtained at Sutro Heights ;
And this would be the song I'd sing :
"I've found an everlasting Spring."

Bright Golden Gate which stands ajar,
The cliffs outside and harbor bar,
The rugged coast and sea-washed strand,
Make this seem like the golden land.



Then next I sought a place of fame,
An object worthy of its name ;
Another joy the day reveals,
I see the Cliff House, cliffs and seals.

And while I hear sea-lions roar,
I gather shells along the shore,
And search along my tide-swept track,
Till foaming breakers drive me back.

With foaming waves just out of reach,
For hours I rambled down the beach,
Heard lions roar and seagulls cry,
Till stars were shining in the sky.



When I climbed up Strawberry Hill,
A grand picture I saw at will ;
San Francisco stood out in sight,
Built on the hills,—a shining light.

Saw mountains fifty miles away,
And Oakland just across the bay ;
Then looking over toward the West,
That panorama seemed the best.

Pacific Ocean, I exclaim,
And other tourists did the same ;
I saw the breakers lash the beach,
And foam when rugged cliffs they'd reach.

I saw white ships both near and far,
Saw foam along the harbor bar ;
A full-rigged ship some time before
Had headed for some foreign shore.

Most charming scene, a vessel's flight,
I watched till it was out of sight ;
Then saw another out at sea,
An ocean steamer nearing me.

I watched, but had not long to wait,
To see it pass the Golden Gate ;
Bright ships and steamers come and go,
Schooners and tugs move to and fro.



But nothing seen will quite compare
In splendor with Midwinter Fair ;
Bright Sunset City of renown,
On thee I watch the sun go down.

Grand picture of a closing day,
Sunset on hills, city and bay ;
And when the sun had hid his face
The moon came up to take his place.

A picture hung before my eyes,
Composed of ocean, earth and skies.
The searchlight on electric spire
Seemed stationed on a tower of fire.

The moon and stars and grand searchlight,
Combining near dispelled the night.
I viewed and viewed each glad surprise,
Till tears of joy came in my eyes.



Next day I go to do the Fair ;
 For one whole week I tarry there.
 Of course, compared with Jackson Park,
 For size 'tis only just a spark ;

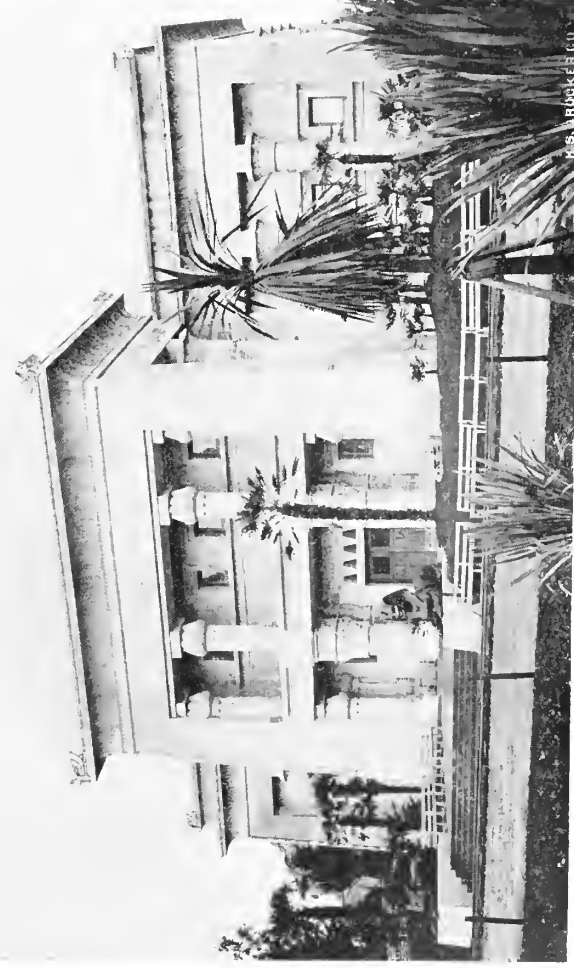
And yet the beauty of the place,
 Considering both time and space,
 All planned and built in one-half year,
 For grandeur stands without a peer.

Administration I behold,
 In finish representing gold.
 Upon the dome a goddess stands,
 Emblem of freedom in her hands.

And our bright banner of the free,
 Red, white and blue, she waves at me.
 The stars and stripes, our nation's hope,
 Float proudly on the western slope.



Horticultural my next place,
 And there I visit every space ;
 Tho' never very hard to suit,
 I'm right at home among the fruit.



And then I visit the Fine Art,
 A work so precious to my heart ;
 Before a painting rich and rare,
 For hours I love to tarry there.

If I could paint with my right hand,
 I'd draw a picture of this land,—
 A painting which all would adore,
 That kings and queens would bow before.



Liberal Arts I then go through,
And view exhibits old and new,
Compared with World's Fair notes of mine,
Tho' less in number are as fine.

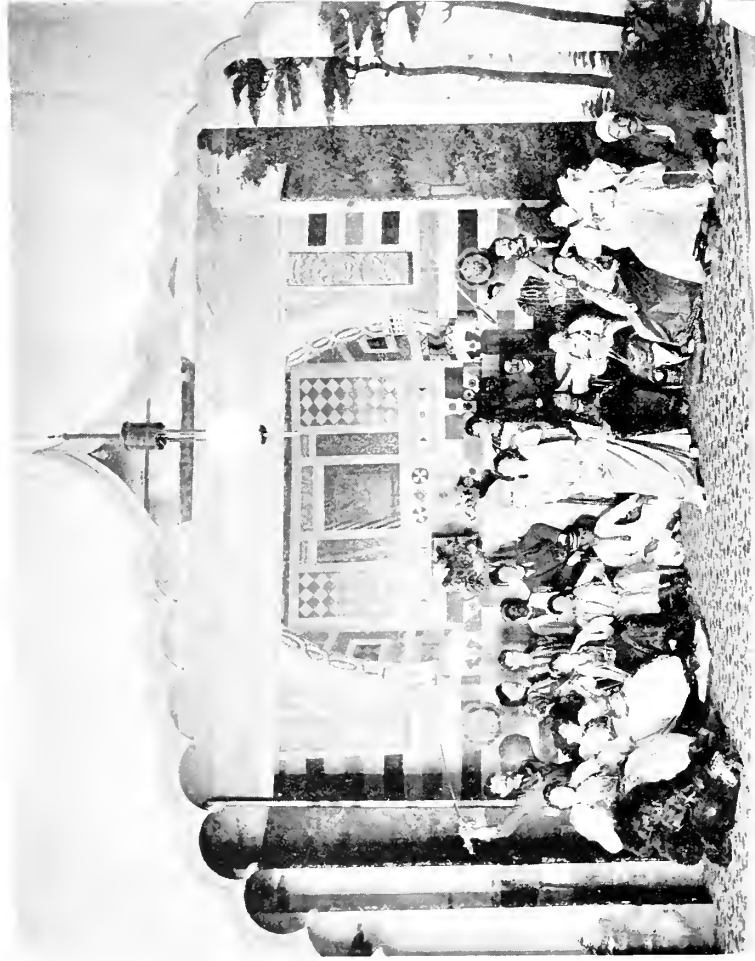
Then the next place I make a call
Was at the Machinery Hall.
Many inventions tried and true
Show what the Western Slope can do.





'Twas early on St. Patrick's Day
 I took a walk along Midway,
 And mixed among the Irish flock,
 Be dad, I wore the green shamrock.





And then I visit Cairo Street,
Where handsome Turkish maids I meet.
I saw Damascens dancing girls
Practice their Oriental whirls.

The caravan which I behold
Reminds me of the days of old.
Along an Oriental track
I rode upon a camel's back.





From Cairo Street direct I go
To see Boone's wild animal show.
I saw a banquet somewhat rare,—
A lion feasting on a bear.

Then I saw a grand illusion,
Till my brain was all confusion.
A stranger freak was never known :
I saw a woman turned to stone.

And then I tried the wheel of Firth,
Which soon removed me from the earth.
Tho' not a saint nor doomed to die,
I traveled upward toward the sky.





I stopped to see the Esquimaux,
And witness what a dog can draw.
With a fair damsel by my side,
Upon a sled I took a ride.



Through forty-niners' camp I roam;
They made me make myself at home.
I found my way through crooked row,
Like men did forty years ago.



Saw miners' cabins by the score,
With bullet holes through every door.
At times I felt quite out of place,
For guns were pointed at my face ;



And, when a robber jumped my claim,
Was scared till I forget my name.
My heart was full of doubts and fears ;
I seemed to live in bygone years.

Tho' late at night I had to stay,
And spend my cash till break of day ;
As long as gold was in my pants,
The men with guns just made me dance.



Excitement there was all the rage ;
They threw me in the grizzly's cage.
Like Sandow's luck, while I was there,
I simply paralyzed the bear.



Free country, yet I dare not think ;
I had to die or take a drink,
And join the games of every stamp,
In forty-niners' mining camp.



I saw the village of Japan,
Built on the Oriental plan;
And there I saw the Japanese
Performing on a fine trapeze.





And then some Indians I see,
Who scare me up a cactus tree.
My hair just fairly stands on end.
Says I, "Say, would you scalp a friend?"

I slipped and fell. Thinks I, "I'm dead."
Just felt my scalp move on my head.
The Arizonas just meant play,
So I got up and ran away.



A coward always meets his dues:
I ran into a camp of Sioux.
Said I when I had caught my breath,
"Do you scalp men who are scared to death?"

I much prefer the grizzly's den
To savages who torture men.
Would rather prove a meal for bear
Than have Bull Head remove my hair.



Then next I visit the Chinese,
Celestials from beyond the seas.
There's nothing finer at the Fair
Than their imported chinaware.



Then next I do some knowledge gain,
From white-plumed creatures of the plain.
When enemies appear in sight,
Be ready for a run or fight.



I saw the wild Samoan band,
Strange people from a distant land ;
For summer time, I must confess,
I rather like the way they dress.

Now if my skin were only black,
I might wear nothing on my back,
Not even socks upon my feet,
And yet be welcome on the street.

Dressed up in such outlandish suit,
Say, wouldn't our young folks look cute ?
'Twould quickly stop the woolen mills,
And make a wreck of laundry bills.



When I had finished the Midway,
The county buildings claimed one day.
Northern and Central are combined,
And have fine shows of every kind.



Southern counties, hand in hand,
Show rich productions of their land.
Their show of fruits, grown on the Coast,
Alone should make our nation boast.



There is no finer place to go
 Than Taber's handsome studio.
 Views of the Golden State are there,
 And pictures of Midwinter Fair.



I sat beside the large fireplace,
Till a rosy hue came to my face ;
But while I rest no time I lose,
For I'm in love with crystal views.

And then I spend my closing hour
On top of the electric tower.
I stand and watch the searchlight play
On objects many miles away.

Through shadows of approaching night
A million lamps were shining bright,
Shining on evergreens and sage,
Grand picture of this golden age.

While searchlight plays o'er vale and hill,
Like once of old, the moon stands still.
When brilliant fireworks fill the air,
The moon is jealous of the Fair.



In this bright land I proudly boast,
I'll end my days along the coast,
Land of flowers and bright sunshine ;
This sun-kissed climate shall be mine.

Until I hear the trumpet blow,
Calling me from the earth below,
To live in the sweet by and by,
Beyond the Golden Gate on high.

Oh, this fair land of fruit and gold !
Earth's grandest scenes I now behold.
I'm thankful for the hand of fate
Which brought me to this Golden State.

And when electric fountain plays,
The stars in heaven seem to gaze,
And listen to the tones which fell,—
Sweet music of the chiming bell.





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